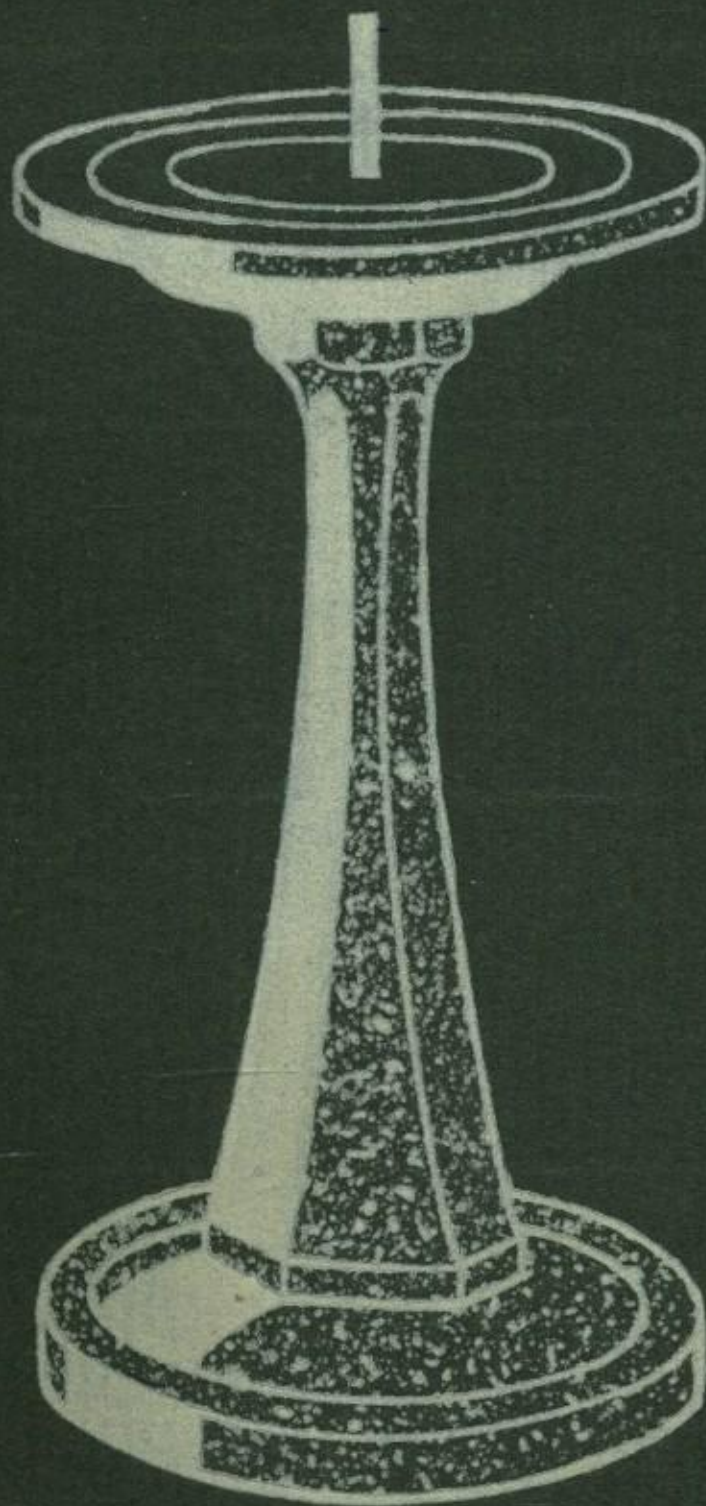


THE DIAL



COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

BRATTLEBORO HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE, 1923



Lovingly dedicated to Ethel L. Osgood, whose constant
interest in us and oft-tried patience with our faults
will ever be gratefully remembered by the
Class of 1923.

Commencement, 1923

Prudential Committee of Incorporated School District
 REV. E. Q. S. OSGOOD, Chairman
 DR. A. I. MILLER JUDGE A. F. SCHWENK

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 Assistant Principal, MISS MARY D. HENSHAW

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MRS. LUCY LAZELL, R. N.	MISS MAUDE F. WHEELER
MISS ETHEL L. OSGOOD	MISS MYRTLE WHITTEMORE
MISS MARIAN E. SEVRENS	MR. E. KENNETH WILSON
MISS ELEANOR SHARP	MISS ROBY I. WRIGHT

Officers of the Class of 1923
 President, ROBERT GEORGE HARLOW
 Vice-President, DOROTHEA ARABELLA VANDERVEER
 Secretary, PAULINE NICHOLS HARLOW
 Treasurer, WALTER RAYMOND WELLS
 Assistant Treasurer, NATHALIE INGRAM BENSON
 These officers are also the Executive Committee
 of the Class

*Class Motto: "Knowledge is Power."
 Class Flower: White Rose.
 Class Colors: Green and White.*



PROGRAM COMMENCEMENT 1923

Friday Evening, June Fifteenth
 JUNIOR PROMENADE AT LAWTON HALL.

Saturday, June Sixteenth
 CLASS DAY EXERCISES ON HIGH SCHOOL LAWN, THREE-
 THIRTY O'CLOCK
 CLASS FROLIC IN HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, EIGHT O'CLOCK

Sunday Evening, June Seventeenth
 BACCALAUREATE SERMON, CENTER CONGREGATIONAL
 CHURCH, EIGHT O'CLOCK
 THE REVEREND HERBERT P. WOODIN

Tuesday Evening, June Nineteenth
 GRADUATION EXERCISES, AUDITORIUM, EIGHT O'CLOCK
 ADDRESS BY MR. FRANK W. WRIGHT, BOSTON, MASS.

Wednesday Evening, June Twentieth
 ALUMNI PARADE, SEVEN-THIRTY O'CLOCK
 followed by
 REUNION OF THE ALUMNI, HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Thursday, June Twenty-First
 CLASS PICNIC, SPOFFORD LAKE

PROGRAM CLASS DAY EXERCISES *Saturday Afternoon, June Sixteenth* Marshals

Music—"Commemoration March" R. Gruenwald
 HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
 President's Address
 ROBERT GEORGE HARLOW
 Class Oration
 CHENEY HASTINGS WILLIAMS
 Class Essay
 ELEANOR ESTHER MANLEY
 Class Poem
 MARJORIE EUNICE PIER
 Song—"Alma Mater" Arthur Edward Johnston
 BERNICE HARRIS GOMIE LEE BURTON CORBETT
 DOROTHY MAE HEBB ALTON ERNEST LYNDE
 HELEN MARY PUTNAM ROBERT ARTHUR STEARNS
 DOROTHEA ARABELLA VANDERVEER
 EDMUND THOMAS MANLEY, JR.
 Ivy Essay
 NATHALIE INGRAM BENSON
 Ivy Oration
 ALTON ERNEST LYNDE
 Ivy Ode
 DOROTHY LOWE RICE
 Planting 1923 Ivy by the Class.
 Singing of the Ivy Ode by the Class.
 Music—"Forget-me-nots" H. Engelmann
 HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



PROGRAM GRADUATION EXERCISES

Tuesday Evening, June Nineteenth
 Music—"The Vikings and the North Wind" Tours
 HIGH SCHOOL SELECTED CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA
 UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. KENNETH H. C. WELLS.
 Music—"Commencement Grand March" Roberta Hudson
 Invocation
 THE REVEREND EDWIN P. WOOD
 Address—"Education in a Democracy"
 FRANK W. WRIGHT, DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF EDU-
 CATION, COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
 Announcement of Honors and Award of Austine Prizes
 PRINCIPAL ERNEST R. CAVERLY
 Presentation of Jennie T. Warren Prize
 MRS. HELEN WARREN AUGER
 Presentation of Diplomas
 REV. E. Q. S. OSGOOD OF THE PRUDENTIAL BOARD
 Class Song
 Words by MARJORIE EUNICE PIER
 Benediction
 Music—"Bridal Chorus" from "The Rose Maiden"
 Cowen

The Dial

PUBLISHED FIVE TIMES A YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL AT BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Volume XVIII

JUNE, 1923

Number 5

CLASS DAY—June 16, 1923

President's Address

Schoolmates, Members of the Faculty, Alumni, Parents, and Friends:

Today we celebrate the anniversary of Class Day at Brattleboro High School. It is a most fitting occasion that presents itself on this day. The graduating class reviews the past four years of work and play; the alumni return to pay homage to these ivy-covered walls; and, our parents and friends are gathered to rejoice with us at this time of farewell to our High School days. So it is with a feeling of pride and joy that we welcome you here at this time.

It is with a thrill of patriotism that we look back upon the history of our country. From a band of one hundred and one sturdy pilgrims we have risen to be a world power. Our Puritan fathers did not dream of such a land as ours is today. They sought peace and seclusion from worldly affairs; a place in which to worship God as their conscience dictated. They sought freedom. Just that. 'Twas a painful thing—that freedom—but they conquered. Thrice since has our country been called to preserve those noble traditions, Liberty, Freedom, Prosperity, and Humanity.

The problems facing our country today are tremendous. If we are to play our part in the making of history we must be ready to meet faithfully these new problems which arise. For the past four years we have been not only active citizens, but we have been training ourselves in the principles of Americanization in order to meet greater responsibilities and to enjoy greater privileges, and the part we are to take will help decide the destiny of our nation. Theodore Roosevelt said, "If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill." That is the spirit which inspires the class of nineteen hundred twenty-three as it launches into greater fields of activity.

But let us consider our purpose. For what are we striving? Do we labor in vain? These are questions well worth our attention at this time. First, we are striv-

ing to be useful citizens, to be leaders, to be wise leaders in our community. Secondly, we are seeking to acquire knowledge, for nothing so much shows a man's character as his ability to use knowledge wisely. Our class motto symbolizes this whole thought: "Knowledge is Power." I know of no better way to gain knowledge than by work, for work is the foundation of true life. One of our modern poets pays a tribute to work when he says:

Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out,
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—

Thank God for the splendor of work!

—ROBERT HARLOW.

Conservation of Our National Forests

Forests are indispensable to civilization and public welfare. They furnish material for construction and manufacture, and promote the habitability of the earth. Wise use, effective protection, especially from fire, and prompt renewal of forests upon lands best adapted to that purpose, are absolutely essential to national prosperity.

European visitors are often amazed at the large number of wooden houses in America, in contrast to the Old World, where they are so costly as to be a luxury. But wooden houses will soon become a luxury here if we do not do something to remedy the manner in which our forests are being depleted.

Twenty years ago it was foretold by some of our leading conservationists that our last stick of timber would be cut in

1918. This proved to be untrue. Nevertheless, today we are using lumber more than three times as fast as we are producing it. Our white pine, which is one of our important woods, is being used more than eight times as fast as it is growing, according to the latest figures. At this rate, our forests will be entirely destroyed in a very short time.

The consumption of the forests is due to two main causes—use and waste. The amount of wood actually used is enormous; but the amount wasted is much greater. The first waste comes in manufacturing. In fact, it has been carefully estimated that only about three-eighths of the lumber used goes into the finished product. Another great loss comes as a result of fire. In truth, some years the loss from fire has equalled the amount of lumber cut. Then, too, about twenty-five per cent of the lumber is lost as a result of careless cutting.

At the present time there is a large shortage of houses which is, in a great measure, due to the scarcity and high price of laths, shingles, and lumber. High lumber prices are acting as a serious check to farming, stock-raising, and dairying. In this way they tend to maintain the high cost of living. When manufacturers and farmers buy new vehicles and tools, or when they repair old buildings or construct new ones, they feel the cost. Then when we, in turn, buy farm or manufactured products, we feel the effects of the higher prices.

It has been suggested that we import what lumber we need, but the world's supply is limited. We have already made great inroads upon Canadian forests. The Canadians are waking up to this fact now and propose to use their own timber resources at home. South American lumber may be obtained but it is not suited to our needs, and besides imported lumber is much more expensive than native lumber. So, our only method seems to be to adopt some means of conservation and reforestation.

There are, however, some factors which tend to discourage reforestation. In some States forest land taxation is extremely heavy. Owners are cashing in all their standing timber as rapidly as possible in order to escape tax burdens. "This greatly

discourages reforestation and conservations," Secretary Wallace has told us. It seems that a reduction of this tax is justified and we should do everything we can to provide a tax system which will encourage the replanting of trees by farmers and forest owners generally.

In Europe, forestry has been practiced for generations, so that timber is cut only when it reaches maturity and thus a constant supply is available. But in the United States such forestry is practiced in only a few widely scattered sections at the present time. In fact, no other civilized country of the world has done so little toward conservation of forests and the adoption of a comprehensive policy of reforestation as has our own.

We have had a Bureau of Forestry for over twenty years but, up to the present time, our national forests have not been a great success. Comparatively little lumber has been cut from them. However, our Government has taken one real step forward. Over twelve billion dollars has been expended in the purchase of forest lands at the headwaters of navigable rivers, and over two million acres have been acquired. Some of these forests are already self-supporting and, in time, they will all yield large revenues to the Government. But this is not their only purpose. These forests will save our vast water powers. They will also help greatly to prevent dangerous floods and thus save our rich meadow lands and some of our large cities situated as Pittsburg and Cincinnati are.

Boys' Reforestation Clubs, on the plan of the well known corn clubs, have been formed in the state of Louisiana, under the direction of the State Conservation Department. These clubs have created general interest and bid fair to do important work in preserving and restoring the forests of the state.

There are in the United States at the present time no less than eighty million acres of unproductive wasteland, unfit for farming, but available for reforestation. A much larger area, which is only partly productive and widely scattered, is being yearly devastated by forest fires.

The public is told dozens of times every year what the forest situation is, and, in general, what ought to be done; yet nothing is done. But, reforestation is no longer a sentimental or futuristic question; lumber and pulpwood prices have reached the point where reproductive forest management is merely a business proposition. It is already too late to depend primarily upon planting, fire protection and natural regeneration to ward off disaster. Henceforth, measures must be taken to conserve the mature timber that remains standing.

Foresters give warning that our day of comfortable security is at an end. Delay is

inadmissible. Will Congress and the States take heed? Only if the American people insist that some action be taken.

—CHENEY WILLIAMS.

To the Hilltops

As I sat in my favorite seat by the window in the little stone church, I stared dreamily out at the soft gray-blue and green mountains. Suddenly I heard the preacher's voice repeating those wonderful words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." More forcefully than ever before I realized what friends our hilltops are, if we but seek them out. They will meet us halfway in every mood. When we are weary and jaded with life's many duties, the hilltops beckon us. When we are starved for beauty, they give us rich pictures to carry away. When we are overflowing with ecstasy they sympathize with us in our joy. When our values become twisted they make us see things in the right proportions again. If life seems to have lost its purpose they give us new vision. All this they will do, and more, if we but call them friends.

So let us hasten to acquaint ourselves not only with the views that may be seen from the hilltops—we all have seen some of these—but with the hilltops themselves.

Our way lies along the highway under the great chestnut trees, then through an orchard and over a little creek. Here we climb under pasture gates and follow the footpath to the top. It may be overgrown and precipitous. Who cares? Good things are worth working for. All along the way a few flowers, some clear sweet notes of the thrush, a tumbling brook, a flash of bright wings, and a foamy little cascade give promise of what is to come.

If the path is gentle and the way open, one may see the winding river in the valley. Down there everything is dreaming. Where we are going there are to be storms as well, but the sun shines there, too. As Arthur Wallace Peach says,

"O, the high trails, the hill trails,
The sunny trails of brown,
Seeing first the sun arise
And last its going down!
Ever do they call the heart
With their windings far,
Luring feet to follow on
Where peak is friend to star."

As we arrive at a plateau near the top, we may be overcome with physical weariness but our souls and hearts are exulting. We have won our way to the top.

Perhaps we have arrived in the morning's freshness. As we feel the earth's warm heart beating below us we have a great desire to come physically nearer the elements of life. We stretch ourselves flat against the cool mosses and consider. A great picture in yellows and browns and

greens and blues, all blended by a master hand, is spread out before us. How soft and undulating are the lower fields, how gentle seem the ridges softened at this distance by their green fringes. Yet, we know that this landscape would have no form nor depth, no life or meaning, if down underneath those brown-green hills and deep shadows, beneath the hollows yellowed in the sunlight, were not rock strata constructed and settled by great forces working through immeasurable ages. It is thus with painting. If an artist wishes his painting to be a real picture of a real scene, he must have foundation lines and solid form behind his beautiful colors and shadings. So it is with a deep cultured life. If our lives are not founded on deep convictions and principles, there is nothing to be gained from a veneer of things which make life beautiful. The discerning person will know us for what we are. Above all, we will know ourselves. These very external accomplishments may prove the cause of our undoing instead of serving to enrich our characters and personalities.

Suddenly, we sit up as the silvery tinkling of a tiny waterfall reaches our ears. Our minds are passive; we wish to sit still and consider the lesson which the hilltop has already taught us. We are determined that hereafter our foundations shall be made of truth and purity and humanity, and that they shall be settled deep and true by the habits of the years to come.

Once more we find ourselves listening to the song of the tiny waterfall. In what cave or in what hidden hollow does the mountain stream arise? Is its cool fount 'midst green fronds and drooping grasses, where even the sunlight has a greenish cast as it filters through the leaves? Or does it bubble forth from a flinty crevice near rich, fairy mosses and grey-green lichens? The brook seems to sing, "Follow me; follow me!"

We can resist no longer. Springing up, we follow the edge of the fragrant, cool brook, up and up, past deep little pools, and slippery, mossy sides. Our feet sink deep in heaped-up leaves. The intense silence soothes us and it seems that fairies may spring from curling fronds at any moment. We can almost hear their faint laughter at our doubtings. Dream of them as we may, they will never show even the tops of their heads if we do not truly believe in them.

As we go higher, our excitement increases. Maybe the spring is hiding just around that curve, or behind that big rock that overhangs the stream. It must be in that dim little grove or between these steel gray rocks. Oh! Our last guess was right. The water bubbles eagerly forth from between the two big boulders, reddened by the tiny plants which are the fairy torches. The brook is telling how glad it is to be free from the deep, dark Earth.

Listening, we sink down on one of the rocks. We seem to have found one of the springs of our own life in our search for the source of the brooklet. Not that it is necessary to penetrate mountain fastnesses to find our springs. Far from it. They rise all about us in the city and in the country. Every man must find his own. And in the searching and the finding he may bring forth something beautiful and sweet and good, which otherwise, the world would never know. Even if this is not so—at least there comes a great satisfaction deep in one's heart, a satisfaction which quells for a time, that uneasiness, that illusive questioning which is in the heart of each of us.

As we sit and ponder, a breeze comes up. It blows cool against our cheek, and we breathe it in deeply. At the word of the Wind, every grass bends its head, every leafy bough flutters, and all the moving things salute the Wind as master. Though invisible, what a power he is! Mighty forces bow before him. Yet—in back of him, in back of all,—is the hand of God. How infinitesimal we are, how slight our troubles! We have spent our time in fretting about matters that amount to nothing as compared to the silent works of God and Nature. Nature toils on and on and yet is tranquil: men perform petty deeds and proclaim them noisily. By Nature's very tranquility she places her work above rivalry and discordant haste. As Matthew Arnold says in his poem, "Quiet Work":

"One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity,
Of toil, unsevered from tranquility,
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords reign,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious work in silence perfecting,
Still working, blaming still their vain turmoil,
Labors that shall not fail when man is gone."

Could the glorious work of Nature be better expressed?

But now duskiess has surrounded us. We look up to see a thunder-cloud like a great gray castle hanging over us. We race back to the plateau straight as a crow flies. Here is a tiny cave where we may be sheltered from the storm and from whence we may observe its magnificence. Great fiery chains leap across the sky. The heavens are in constant uproar. The mountains reflect the booming, catching it

up again and again. The bravest of us cower. Yet we cannot but be awed and thrilled by the great conflict being waged above us. Then, as quickly as it came, it is gone. Catching our breath we venture forth once more.

We hear the roaring of the little brook which had been so pleasant and mild. It is exulting in its power. The sun is struggling through the gray barriers. We sit down at the cave's door to wait for its full appearance, and wonder what sort of a sunset there will be this evening. We should know better than to try to classify sunsets. It is impossible. There are no two alike the whole year around. Sometimes there is but a flash allowed us, sometimes but a rosy reflection on an opposite mountain top. Other times rainbow clouds alone hint at the beauty of the hidden glory. And sometimes,—oh, most glorious sometimes,—there are long-drawn-out color poems to fill us with ecstasy. There are the delicate sunsets of early spring, half-promises and half-revealments of what is to come. Next come the frank, colorful sunsets of mid-summer, telling of hopes nearly fulfilled. Then come the daring red-orange sunsets of November, in which a full season meets a dazzling, breath-taking end. Last of the year are the rosy sunsets of the winter months, whose reflected glory gleaming on a white mountain top, and over a snowy world, fill us with gladness at the end of a cold, dreary day. We cannot choose between them and we would not if we could. Each gives us promises of beauties to come and reveals to us some of its story. Then it goes on.

Now the clouds have rolled far away to the east, and the sun is dipping toward the west. Lovely faint lights of peach and yellow and pale pink and gray-blue tint the edges of the billowing clouds. Bits of the sky show through the white haze. Now it changes to azure blue with wisps of orange deepening to rose-pink near the zenith and shading to cold, slate blue toward the eastern mountain tops. This beautiful, warm, blue sky gives promise of many things, though cool winds blow. That pink-lavender which peeps between the wind clouds tells of the flowers now growing in the forest depths. The glorious orange tells of hot, golden days and crashing, magnificent storms. That rift of downy pink tells of other flowers to come. We ask for miracles in which God shall prove Himself as He did in the early days. What greater harmony could there be than such a sunset, soft and warm, defying the elements of storm and wind? Is it not a miracle, a proof of His power? Perhaps in the deepest rose, hidden far from mortal eyes, is the Holy Grail.

Now the splendor fades, even as summer must. A tall, gaunt, lonely tree on an opposite hillside is sketched black against the fading orange sky. God seems to have

been writing poems in the heavens for us.

The mountains have changed to deepest purple, a royal purple like the glorious visions that have come from the woods and heavens into our hearts. As the "wandering moon" comes up and the little stars come one by one to their windows to look down upon us, we start down the footpath.

During the day we have renewed old friendships. Rosalind and Orlando have sat and talked of love nearby. We have seen L'Allegro and many others strolling through the "chequered shade." Their appearance has not surprised us, for they belong to the woods as truly as does the hermit thrush. They walk to the edge of the woods with us. Here we must part, they to go back to the mysterious shadows whence they came, we to go forward to the homefires burning for us, with wonderful visions in our minds and serene peace in our hearts.

We have bowed down before the hilltops and learned that life and love of all mankind is good. We have tested nature at its source and have not found it wanting.

—ELEANOR MANLEY.

Service

What is it that has inspired men down through the ages to do better, greater things? What clear, bright flame has been the standard bearer of the centuries? Service—yes—service is the watchword of the world, not only for this generation but for every generation; not only for this country but for every country. The term "Service" may well contain such ideals as the aim, faith, courage, and lastly, the unsatisfied prayer.

The aim is the goal toward which we aspire. Around this goal rest all our hopes and dreams. It is the star on which we longingly fasten our eyes during the long journey of life. It is the end of which we dream. During these last four years we, the class of twenty-three, have looked forward to the completion of our work here in this school. We have held this commencement week as the dream toward which we were striving. Now our dream has reached its realization. As one of our modern poets so aptly expresses the sentiment:

"I must go on speeding
My highest height to find."

The second ideal is faith. Many of the persons whom we call optimists are those who possess the real faith. Faith will stay by us after everything else has gone its way. Faith is the means by which we hold to the path that leads towards the goal, though trials beset us at every turn. Even though all seems darkness, we may still see the light if we have faith. Although there may seem to be a heavy cloud enshrouding it, we must still feel that behind that cloud there is loveliness unseen. Many times during our

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High School career we have felt discouraged and disheartened. Fate seemed against us, but the very fact that we are here today about to graduate from this school, is a real proof that we had faith.

"Trust the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy path."

Courage is but one word, yet we may have an aim and have faith, but all will be of little use to us in this world unless we also have this thing called courage. It is the vital element that pushes us on toward the fulfillment of our dream. It is a mysterious soul which bids us on to breast the gales, unmindful of the storms and hardships. Courage is something we all have definitely needed to "get ahead" in the course of these four years. Oftentimes it has taken courage to uphold the standards which we have established for ourselves here in our school life. Courage, in any phase of life, must be of undying quality if we are to succeed in our final aim.

There must be prayer, for no great service has ever been accomplished without the help of God "from whom all blessings flow." We must not isolate ourselves expecting that by prayer our dream will come true, but we must ourselves work toward our goal and by prayer realize the fuller joy and beauty of our dream. Even though our present work does seem almost accomplished, as the time for graduation draws near, let us keep looking onward and upward, so that our goal will become nobler. The following lines seem to summarize the whole thought:

"And when at last the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied."

When all these standards, that is, the aim, faith, courage, and the unsatisfied prayer are put side by side, they spell the great word "Service" or its synonym "Work." Henry Van Dyke, in his poem entitled "Work," brings out the true spirit of "Service." May this be one of our ideals in the days to come!

"Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
'This is my work, my blessing, not my doom';

Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit, and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall

At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me, my work is best,"

—NATHALIE BENSON.

Ivy Ode

(Tune: "Forsaken")

Tiny plant from the forest, we entrust to thy care,

Our well rever'd building, noble structure and fair.

Let thy growth be a symbol of beauty and grace,

Ever hold our loved school in thy leafy embrace,

Ever hold our loved school in thy leafy embrace.

Stretch thy green tendrils upward, these walls thy safe aid,

From these halls came our knowledge—memories ne'er to fade!

May these e'er inspire us to standards of right,

As we shall climb upward like these towards the light.

O! We shall climb upward like these towards the light.

—DOROTHY RICE.

France and the Ruhr

The reparation question is the root of the financial trouble in Europe. France has not received her reparations from Germany and she is taking steps to get them.

Wherein does France deserve reparations?—because of actual damages suffered by France during the war. The heaviest and worst damages are those which cannot be measured in dollars and cents. What of the gutted factories, backward children, nerve-shattered women, and one million, three hundred eighty-five thousand of the flower of manhood killed outright, to say nothing of the two and one-half million wounded, many of whom are incapacitated for life? Can these losses be counted in dollars and cents? No, they cannot.

Now let us look at the losses that can be figured in dollars and cents. As a result of the war, France has lost:

Seven devastated departments.
Ninety-four per cent of her wool production.

Ninety per cent of her steel production.
Seventy per cent of her sugar production.
Fifty-five per cent of her electrical energy.
Thirty-three per cent of her coal production.

Four hundred kilometers of railroads.
And besides this she has paid:
Seven and one-half billion dollars to rebuild a part of her ruins.

What did Germany lose by the war?

Not one inch of soil ruined.
Nor one factory damaged.
Nor one coal mine destroyed.
Not one sugar beet pulled up.
Nor one electric cable broken.
Nor one rail stolen.

And has paid:
Only one and one-fourth billion dollars toward her debts.

Let us turn again to the devastated territory of France. Much of it has not even been touched, but what has been rebuilt is only partly healed. Every bit of the work done in rebuilding has been financed by France.

The territory devastated represents one-sixteenth of the entire area of France and before the war accounted for one-fifth of all the taxes collected by the Government.

Is France justified in asking reparation? I leave it to you.

The reparation asked by France at the reparation commission of 1921 was two hundred eighteen and one-half billion francs. This France believed to be a just and fair claim on the actual damages done by the Germans during the war. The actual amount allotted France was one hundred eighty billion francs.

Did Germany step up and pay what she could or attempt to make some sort of settlement? No, she put things off and kept putting them off, pleading poverty and begging. Finally, the reparation commission lowered her amount, but she wasn't satisfied; things went on as before.

France became impatient and demanded that Germany pay at once as much as she could or she, France, would occupy one of her wealthy business sections—the Ruhr Valley. This valley contained the majority of Germany's coal and her wealthiest manufacturing center.

Germany, believing that England would interfere in case France should carry out her threat, disregarded the warning, and France immediately stepped in.

By this action, France expected to get a hold on Germany, thus forcing her to pay.

There are three great magnates in Germany who control both business and national affairs. These men are Stinnes, Krupp, and Thyssen.

Before, during, and after the war, these great magnates have been pushing their country so that Germany has been, and is today, the busiest nation in the world. The profits of their industries are enormous. What is done with these profits? Are they used to pay off the nation's debts? Hardly.

These magnates have, during the war, secured control of practically all of the German currency. That now is practically worthless everywhere but in Germany. This money is used to pay off labor, etc., in the plants of these three men. However, for the finished product that goes out of the country, gold is received. Thus these men are paying out money, much depreciated in value, and are receiving gold—two profits and then some. Still this depreciated money is worth enough in Germany so that conditions are normal and the work goes on.

Besides this, Germany has put it over the world several times. For five years previous to, during, and since the war, she

has been selling her practically worthless paper money—made worthless by a clever scheme on her part for the time being—for gold of a standard value. She made millions of dollars in the United States alone.

What has she done with this gold? Paid her debts? No. She has stored this gold in the foreign banks that she might plead poverty and claim to be a bankrupt nation. The Government has made no attempt to collect taxes on these foreign investments or to tax the enormous incomes of these magnates. Why should they, if they can plead poverty and get off "scot free?" A year or two after they had been let off, they could call back all their gold into their own country, thus causing financial panics in the countries from which it came and make themselves the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

France can see through their very clever scheme and they are determined that it shall not work. From France's viewpoint Germany can pay and she's going to do it.

It is estimated that at present Stinnes, Krupp, and Thyssen have from two to five billion dollars invested in foreign banks. Germany has actually placed all her money out of the country to avoid payment of her just debts.

Another scheme that Germany is at present working successfully is raising the value of her worthless currency in her own country. The French in the Ruhr are having to buy German money and having to pay gold for it. By doubling the value of her paper money, Germany is making from one to two million dollars daily on France. It is a very clever scheme and one which could only be worked out by a powerful, organized country. Is Germany broke?—*not by a long shot!* If she is capable of resisting France, she is perfectly capable of paying her—had she a will to do so.

It has come to the point now where it is an economic endurance test. It is a question which nation can last the longer. Germany without food or France without money. France has the military power but she has little money, whereas Germany seems to have money but not much food.

Other nations look upon the situation with varying views. England believes, because of selfish reasons, that it is a disastrous step for France and the economic welfare of Europe. She believes that feelings between the two nations will be intensified and that the real trouble will come later. America, on the other hand, believes that France is morally and legally justified in the invasion of the Ruhr and that Germany, intact, is capable of paying.

France is now at the point where she cares little what other nations say or think. She is determined to get her money.

The outcome is, at present, uncertain.

One country must break before anything can be done of any value to either side. Recent happenings seem to show a weakening of Germany.

In closing, permit me to quote from a statement made by General Degoutte, commander of the forces in the Ruhr.

"Right and might are ours, and we shall win. We occupied the Ruhr without shedding a drop of blood. We have allowed the population full liberty; we are not crushing the country under requisitions; but we want to get paid—and we shall be paid."

—ALTON E. LYNDE.

Class Poem

(To tune of "Melody in F")

Four years we've worked, happy days we
have passed,
Always together in work and in play,
But school life is ending, the hours fly fast
And this is our parting day.

Four years we've journeyed, much beauty
they've held:—
Pink and pearl sunsets, and paths lined with
flowers;
Visions of romance and chivalry golden
Filling the thoughtful hours.

Grey days and glad days we've gained in
different measure,
Each task and lesson done has earned a
golden key.
Keys to unlock doors that held the world's
treasure,
Keys to rich lives which far-reaching may
be.

Tribute we'd pay to the teachers and
friends,
Those who have taught us to learn and to
live,
Guides to the riches that time never ends
And joy that the years shall give.

Now on our pathway we needs must wan-
der further,
Through gateways of adventure with happy
dreams of fame.
Our keys in our hands, courageous we ven-
ture
To do gracious deeds and win a worthy
name.

But when from the hilltops new vistas un-
fold
Of high purple mountains and valleys be-
low,
Look back to these days of school life once
again,
And friends that we used to know.

—MARJORIE PIER.

Class History

FRESHMAN YEAR

Like all important Freshmen, we were greatly flattered to think that Mr. Warren, then Principal, wanted to see us alone at eleven o'clock on that first day. It surely must have been a picturesque sight to look upon the school grounds at about ten-thirty, that rainy morning of September 3. In spite of the rain, which made all green things grow, we were huddled together, talking, beneath those dripping umbrellas. I said talking. Do you, by any chance, remember the subjects? I do. When it wasn't about the Principal's looks, it was: "What are you so all dolled up for?" "But goodness, we must look our bestest." "Yes, my dress is fairly new. I usually wear it only on Sundays but today being such a big day, the first day of school and everything, mama said I might wear it." Then a faint yet forceful voice is heard. "They say the boys are awfully good looking." These remarks from the various groups of courageous, self-conscious, confident Freshmen.

Just as I came around the corner of that stately mass of ivy-covered bricks, I heard somebody with a commanding voice, which made me think of Alton Lynde, say that he was just waiting for a chance to take Lawyer Schwenk's daughter to the Freshman Party, not that he knew her, oh no, for she came from the city and he from West B., but she was such a good dancer he knew he could get along nicely with her. You'd be surprised, but even Gene Moran, that bashful lad, was scrutinizing the Freshman girls from the kink in their hair to their patent leather shoes.

After a time we heard a rumble which grew louder and louder and then the heavy tread of feet reached our ears. Then shouts of laughter. The door of the building was pushed open and, like a hurricane, the upperclassmen blew past us. It was not long before these numbers had dispersed.

Slowly the heavy doors of B. H. S. swung open again and Mr. Warren greeted us. At his command, with shaking knees and hearts palpitating at such a rate of speed that no metronome could keep up with its pace, we entered the portals of B. H. S. Even after careful directions from our principal as to how to locate ourselves we soon became puzzled. After plunging through blind alleys, walking down dark halls, we found ourselves at Mr. Warren's den, at the end of the hall. As we left, we felt more at home even on that first eventful day.

Time took angel wings and flew, and so we, too, moved on in our orbit, unless we were detracted by some brilliant Sophomore who purposely directed us to the top floor when we should be on the main floor or in the study hall.

As is always the case with beginners, it is easier to advise than to practice our advice so, although we were told to study and did at first to make good impressions, we found outside activities played a part in High School life.

As a matter of custom mostly, the Brattleboro Military Band held its last concert on the common late in September. As we wandered about the grounds, we noticed several of our fellow classmates. We were all out for a good time and we got it. Even Johnnie Lawton got his usual mid-week bath. As the last strains of music floated o'er the house-tops, the well-known fountain bubbled over with youth.

Everything was not play in High School that first year. Three independent clubs flourished: the Latin, Agricultural and Wireless Clubs, all of which urged and encouraged us to become active members.

The announcement was circulated about the school early one morning that there would be an assembly that morning. Where is it? What's it for? Without receiving any definite answers we were told to go to the usual study hall, the Main Room. Hand in hand we flocked through the side doors, front doors, all doors, anyway to get there. Everyone was laughing, shouting, clapping and stamping when we marched in and suddenly we wished the floor would swallow us up and save us this embarrassment, but instead, we ploughed our way through the crowd, found chairs and sat down, blushing, shivering and feeling as if we were in mid-ocean. We were criticized severely for not wearing that most appropriate color, green, but we had avoided that color, being satisfied to look at the grass outside instead of our fellow classmates.

In that memorable year we, the class of '23, singled out Eugene Moran as president, as he seemed likely to get there, jumping difficulties as he would the hurdles. Since many of us were aware of Gene's failings, we found Ruth Reed could ably fill the position of vice-president. 'Tis said, it's nice to be an exception, so that's just why we chose Raymond Wells as secretary. Not only that but everyone, after an hour's long deliberation, could read Wellsie's handwriting with ease. Fearing Howard Hebert might elope with all the cash we chose Nathalie Benson to assist him as treasurer and to keep close watch over the mint when loaded.

On November 18, the first meeting of the Students' Activities Society was called, which was a novelty for the class of '23. It was just like a big town meeting where everyone spoke for himself. But that wasn't all, we learned that there existed a Student Council where we could have our problems solved and which had Edith Nash and Eugene Moran as Freshman representatives.

By the end of November we had forgot-

ten our bashful, awkward ways and were truly anticipating the Freshman Party. On December 5 the big event came off at Odd Fellows Temple. The poor, poverty-stricken Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors forgot their prejudices and appreciated the work of Helen Miller in writing the "Freshman Follies." Lest we forget that famous hero, Arthur Barrett as Claudias Parsons and Julia Simonds, the heroine, as Eldora McPherson, we will recall them again. The memory of Scott Eames and his helpers remains with us with his brooms and dustpans and we will always hunt in vain for notes and the three lost rubbers of N. I. Benson.

Like all little children we wanted Santa to bring us loads of things for Christmas. As Santa had been called across the sea

The Uppers gave our class a tree.
There were dolls for Grace and Gladys,
Our Senior twins, you know,—
And teething rings for all the Dotties
Including those from A to O,
While all the rest from O to Z
Finished all upon the tree.

There was bread and milk for eats
But nothing more, not even sweets.

After the Christmas holidays were over, we had matured quite a bit and we were proud of our class. We had three of our boys on the Connecticut Valley Championship Football Team for 1919-1920.

When it came to Track, we were right there. The Freshmen-Seniors won the Inter-class meet and "Gene" represented our class in the State Interscholastic Championship Track Team.

May crept past and June came. We had lived through Mid-Years and hoped to skim finals as long as we couldn't skip them.

We were nearing the close of our first year in Brattleboro High. We were no longer ignorance itself, but had gained many lessons. Sermons had been preached to us about concentration, knowledge and thrift, so with these instilled within us, we, the placid yet powerful class of '23, walked out of its path of freshness and left its reflections of green, ready to enter upon a new career the next time it entered the portals of B. H. S.

—HELEN DALRYMPLE.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

Some old bard once said that the first hundred years are the most difficult, but we propose to amend that statement to read, "The Freshman year is the most difficult"—at least we who reentered B. H. S. as Sophomores subscribed to the latter theory.

It is needless to ask if we remember the ridiculous Freshmen—we shall never forget them!! How they would wobble across the floor to the desk, and then come shaking back—but the Sophomores! No wab-

bling and shaking for us!! We, even like the present day Sophomores, dashed forth, full of courage to the desk, had a slip signed and galloped out the door! Once outside we used to turn, point at some timid "fresh" and imitate how he shook in his boots when he went up to the desk.

This was the year Mr. Warren had his new office. Up one flight, to the right—there you were! Without doubt those stairs were the most noisy any of us ever knew—with a few exceptions, and those depending on the hour. That office was a place of mystery to us.

Speaking of mystery—the name of the Freshman Party that year was, "The Mystery of the Dark Cloud"—and it surely was a mystery!

Even when we were *Sophomores* we were of great value to the school! No better proof is needed than the following facts: during our Sophomore year three new clubs were formed; French, Commercial and Radio! Please notice how, under our careful attention, they have grown, waxed, strengthened, and now flourish!!

Can you imagine anyone better fitted to be the president of our noble group than Merle Stone? We couldn't either, so we chose him. For vice-president, that office where canny politicians thought they had shelved Roosevelt, we elected Elizabeth Schwenk. Eleanor Manley served as our most faithful secretary. We realized the position of treasurer was one of great moment, but we had no difficulty in finding a good one—Paul Nelson, assisted by Dorothy Rice—took our cash, and with great glee, when opportunity offered. Don't think for one second that we were delinquent in paying our class dues, not we!

The High School play, "Green Stockings," was presented in February. Here again, the unusual talent of the marvelous and well-known Sophomores flashed forth! Our representatives, who did their class and themselves great honor were: Eleanor Rogers, Alice Boyden, Victoria Strand, Avery Barrett, and Truxtun Brittan.

What was so rare as that day in—*March*, when we gave the Seniors a party at Odd Fellows Temple? Of course we know it isn't nice to "crow" over our own party, but that masquerade is well worth much "crowing." One attraction was a corkingly sticky molasses candy pull,—more fun,—but thanks to the janitor we didn't have to collect our leavings.

From this time forth to the middle of June we "Sophs" kept our bubbling record on the boil. We had some champions out for track who did their part in building the pyramid of honors held by 1923.

We felt pretty tearful the last day of our Sophomore year—not because we didn't wish to be Juniors, but because Mr. Warren was leaving us. We didn't think at that time anyone could ever run B. H. S.

except Mr. Warren, but we have certainly found that it can be done. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

—PAULINE SHAW.

JUNIOR YEAR

Last year eighty-nine of us came back to resume our studies, and every one of that eighty-nine was sorry that Mr. Warren had not come back with us to be again the helper and adviser he had been during our first two years. Still, we were all glad, since this could not be true, to welcome such an efficient successor as Mr. Caverly has proven himself to be since then. We were also glad to greet all the other new teachers who have since so well filled the places of those whom we lost.

We were upperclassmen now, entitled to all the privileges accorded to ladies and gentlemen so distinguished. These included our seats in the Main Room, but in this matter many of us were disappointed when we found that we were assigned to front seats after we had our own all picked out in the back of the room. I dare say about half of us wished our name was Stearns or Stellman.

On September 23 the social activities of the year began with the Annual Freshman Party. The entertainment consisted of a musical comedy, "I Beg Your Pardon," written by members of the cast. This included, from the Class of '23, Dorothy Hebb, Ruth Reed, Elizabeth Schwenk, and Truxtun Brittan.

Last year, also, the Teacher Training Class was started. This is a one-year course which offers to B. H. S. graduates a course enabling them to begin teaching in Vermont rural schools one year after receiving their diplomas for the regular course.

November 3 we elected the following class officers who served us faithfully and well throughout the year: President, Edmund Manley, a loud speaker; Vice-president, Helen Dalrymple, his tuning coil; Secretary, Alice Boyden, condenser; Treasurer, Alton Lynde, the receiver; and Assistant Treasurer, Pauline Shaw, an aerial which catches and passes the notes.

On November 19 the football men were given a banquet, served by the girls of the domestic science department. A dance, to which the Rutland team and all B. H. S. pupils were invited, followed the banquet. Probably more girls attended because of the presence of the Rutland boys.

A Christmas party was given by the Junior English Club on December 19. The program consisted of two dramatic miniatures—"Ashes of Roses" and "Gretna Green." These were admirably presented by eight members of our class, all of whom showed unusual talent and finish in the acting of their respective parts. Alice Boyden's rendition of "Kitty Clive" deserves especial commendation.

The Silver B, one of the highest honors the school can give, was awarded to seven students in assembly, February 8. We all felt very proud to think that two members of our own class had won this coveted honor in their Junior year. These two were 'Gene Moran and Ruth Reed.

In our Junior year the annual play presented by the High School took the form of a comic opera. "The Mikado" was given in the Auditorium, February 23 and 24.

This very delightful and enjoyable opera met with marked success, not only from a financial standpoint, but also in the general excellence with which the members of the cast interpreted their parts. Three of this cast were from Class of '23: Lee Corbett, Bernice Gobie, and Dorothea Vanderveer, besides seventeen in the chorus from our class. The surprise of the play was Lee Corbett. We were all constantly kept awake for fear that he would forget himself in his high position as ruler of Japan, and perform some stunt which would lower his dignity to that of a third-rate water carrier in one of that same country's rice fields. Happily, he didn't, but carried out his part excellently.

On March 31, the annual gymnasium exhibition took place. The parallel-bar team performed some spectacular feats, and "Died" put his charges through the usual dumb-bell drill.

A School Exhibition was held on April 22, the regular recitations being given in the afternoon and evening. Everyone interested in the school was invited, the main object being to show parents and townspeople how the different classes are carried on every day.

Although the number who participated in athletics when we were Juniors is small, those who did contributed largely to the success of the various teams. 'Gene Moran, Ed Manley, and Bob Harlow were a great help to the football, basketball, and track teams, while the baseball squad contained seven from our class.

Two of these boys were captains of teams in their Junior year. Bob Harlow was captain of the basketball team and "Soup" Lynde, captain of the baseball team. This is a distinct honor to receive in one's Junior year, but we all feel it was deserved by both of them.

The last important event of the year, the Junior Prom, was held June 17, in Lawton Hall. All who attended declared it the best party of the year. It was an achievement of which to be proud and the committee in charge is to be congratulated. This pleasant event closed our successful Junior year.

—HOWARD T. APLIN.

SENIOR YEAR

We came back to our Senior year in Brattleboro High School to finish our most grave mission. We had seventy-nine prospective graduates, all determined to get an Austine Prize. We were greeted smilingly by our last year's leader, Mr. E. R. Caverly, which put us in good humor to commence our last year in high school. We also saw some new and handsome faces on our faculty, including Mr. Shattuck, an artist, as we found out afterwards; Mr. Francis, a most stern and remarkable study period director; Miss Craig, of wonderful face and good at teaching manners; Miss Wheeler, a good basketball coach; Miss Sevens, a jolly person, outside of school; Miss Wright, a very strict teacher; Miss Hawkins, to whom we owe our good eats at recess; and, last but not least, Mr. Kenneth Wells, a singing teacher of great ability. We owe these new teachers and the old teachers a good deal for our success this year and we hope they will do as much for the next Senior class.

There is one person that we all loved, who left to go to another school, Eugene Moran, or, as he is better known, "Mike." His leaving was voluntary, regardless of what he may have done in this school. He has gone to Mercersburg Academy at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, to seek higher honors and realize ambitions that he thought he could not here secure, but that I doubt. There is no place like home.

When we elected our officers at the beginning of the school year, we took into consideration the different characteristics each officer should have. We elected Robert Harlow president, because, as a distance runner, he had long wind to give his president's address. Dorothea Vanderveer was elected vice-president, because of her friendly relationship with the president at the beginning of the school year, but it is said that those days are gone forever. Then as secretary, Pauline Harlow was elected, because she takes stenography and can keep up with her brother when he gives one of his talks at a class meeting. Raymond Wells was elected treasurer, because he is small and has no car to use should he have a large amount of class money in his pockets. Nathalie Benson is the treasurer's assistant because her father works in a bank and would be of timely help in case of shortage on the treasurer's part.

The class may well be proud of its different members in dramatics, scholarship, literary circles, and athletics. In dramatics we were represented in "Grumpy," our school play, by our three little actresses, Alice Boyden, Elizabeth Schwenk, and Eleanor Rogers. They will be heard from in the future, I am sure.

In scholarship we were very well represented on the honor roll by having the largest number in proportion to our enrollment of any class this past marking period. We were also represented by Alton Lynde and Merle Stone on the super-honor roll.

In literary circles, we were led by Ruth

Reed and Howard Aplin, editor-in-chief and assistant, respectively, of the DIAL. These two persons broadcasted to other schools what this school was doing, keeping this school in the limelight by their noble efforts. They were well assisted by Alice Boyden, Eleanor Manley, Helen Dalrymple, Pauline Shaw, Dorothea Vanderveer, Nathalie Benson, Cheney Williams, Edmund Manley, and Raymond Wells of the Senior class. Of course, the Seniors were helped by the Junior class members, but we are modest enough not to take the larger portion of the credit.

The success of the school's athletics was helped by the following members of 1923: Edmund Manley, our star all-around man, captain of the 1922 football team, a running-away guard in basketball, a forceful and breathless debater, and a wonderful discus heaver in track; Hermon Robb, an ex-member of our class, was our notable guard in football, while the scribe reading this history was an ever-willing back; Truxtun Brittan, the man who is famous for getting the worst of the deal, having suffered a broken ankle in football and dislocation of his hip in track; Robert Harlow, captain of the 1921-22 basketball team and distance runner in track; Robert Stocker, who made a brave attempt to secure his letter in track and Paul Bishop, who attempted to fill Robert Harlow's shoes this year, swell the list of 1923 athletes.

Leland Miller captained the successful baseball team this year. Lester Chickering is our West Chesterfield outfielder. Alton Lynde is our scholar and third sacker and Brattleboro's "King of Swat." Lee Corbett and Hermon Hertzberg also play baseball, and then comes Raymond Wells, who makes an attempt at anything once. We, of course, constituted the mainstay of coach Wilson's baseball team, which has, we hope, helped to place baseball on the B. H. S. athletic map.

We decided to make the Year Book a much larger and better book than ever before, and another innovation of the Class of 1923 is the Senior Frolic.

The class chose as colors green and white and the flower a white rose. The class motto is: "Knowledge is Power." Let us live up to this motto and prove ourselves the most powerful class ever graduated.

Not all of us could be Austine Prize winners, but there are more important prizes to win outside of high school in the school life. Therefore, let every one of us try to reach the height of his ambitions, and let us return next year one hundred per cent strong as a happy and successful alumni.

To conclude, I desire to extend most hearty wishes from all the class of 1923 for the continued success of Brattleboro High School, our beloved Alma Mater.

—RAYMOND WELLS.

Class Prophecy

It was 1933 and I found myself on a business trip in South America, where I was stopping at the Matthews Hotel in Calabozza, Venezuela.

The clock was striking eight and I had just come from the dining hall, when a face that flashed by in the lobby looked familiar. I wheeled around to get a look at this person at the same instant that he was turning to look at me. I stood staring at a nicely dressed young gentleman, with hair slicked back and a pair of shoestring glasses dangling over his shoulder. Raymond Austin, but who would have known him!

After a friendly greeting, Raymond and I sat down upon a sofa and had a chat. It seems that Raymond was traveling for an architectural company with headquarters in Boston. He traveled the country picking up new designs. We finally got to talking about our old school days in Brattleboro High and I asked him if he could tell me where some of our classmates were. Much to my surprise, Raymond replied that he knew where every one of our classmates was. It seems that the methodical little Austin had kept a card index all these years and each time he heard the latest about his schoolmates he had jotted the new information down on the paper card. This index went with him wherever he traveled.

We then went up to his room where he took from his valise a little box full of the name cards of all our classmates. I began eagerly to investigate them.

The first name drawn from the box was that of "Jolly" Chickering. I could look back and see that smile on Chick's face, as if it were only yesterday.

The record said that the summer after school, Chick went to a Normal school for three months and the following year he took up teaching school. He taught school for one year and then entered New Hampshire State College where he enrolled in the agricultural course. After graduation from college, he bought a three-hundred-acre farm in Northeastern New York, and cabbages, wheat, corn, potatoes, turnips, horses, and cattle were not the only things that Chick was bringing up, for Raymond told me that when he was there he found also a couple of bright, young Chicks.

The next two cards, Austin took out together, for the boys were both doing the same thing. Erlon Eggleston and Harold Fitts had bought out a good-sized garage in Burlington, Vermont.

Ruth Darling and Marjorie Pier, after graduating from B. H. S., attended the Massachusetts General Hospital where they took an extensive training in nursing. They were now trained nurses, and each held a good position in a New York hospital.

As for John Mann, he had remained in his father's store. As Johnnie earned more money, he kept buying more shares of his father's stock, until now, it is rumored that Mr. Mann has practically no controlling interest in the store. It looks as if John had pushed himself to the top of the ladder with his Dad ahead of him and when he got to the top he pushed his Dad over and down the other side.

"But Raymond, where is Pauline Shaw?" I asked. "Well, Pauly has opened up a milliner's shop and is running in competition to John Mann across the street from his store. And they are pretty hot competitors at that."

The next two people I had heard of at a later date than that which Austin had on his card so I told my story to Raymond. "I was traveling along through northern Massachusetts early one forenoon when I had a blowout in front of a small farm house. Having lost my tire wrench a few days previous I went to the house to borrow one. Upon nearing the open kitchen door I heard talking. 'Speed it up there, old boy. Whoa! Now go ahead! Is this the last one? How many more have you got anyway?' I stepped in front of the door. There in the middle of the floor stood Bob Harlow twirling a washing machine wringer for Dot Hebb. Bob told me that he had gone to Cornell to take an agricultural course and was now a state inspector."

The next card Raymond pulled out was that of Hermon Hertzberg. Hermon went directly into a dry goods store, after graduation, and had advanced until he was able to buy out a women's furnishing store in the old town of Brattleboro. He had settled down and was doing a fine business. But how Hermon got interested enough in women to buy a women's dry goods store is more than I can see.

Dot Rice and Eleanor Rogers, Raymond told me, he had met up in the woods of northern Maine, the previous summer. They and their husbands had a large camp situated several miles back in the deep woods. Eleanor and Dottie were there writing short plays for the Boston Theatrical Company, while their husbands were there for a vacation camping trip. "It sounds," Austin remarked, "as if Eleanor and Dot were supporting their families."

"As for Edith Nash, it was hard to keep track of her," Austin said, "for she was traveling for a movie company doing considerable acting." The last time that Raymond heard of her, she was out West and was the heroine in an up-to-date movie production called, "My Fast Romance."

The four years following graduation from B. H. S., Astrid Hertzberg and Jennie Losossa attended Middlebury College, where they took an advanced commercial

course. Astrid was married, but was working in an insurance office in New York, as stenographer. Jennie worked hard for six long years, saving up her money, and now she had sailed for Europe, where she was going to spend several months visiting her native country, Italy. Jennie had been a hard worker and her efforts were now being rewarded.

Jennie Dalrymple and Ruth Stockwell had both attended the Springfield Bay Path Institute. Jennie came back to live with her folks in Brattleboro and took a position in a lawyer's office there. Raymond told me that when he last saw her, she was the same Jennie, quiet and always at work.

Ruth went south and was last heard of in Texas, doing accounting. Even though we don't know where she is, we can depend upon Ruth's taking care of herself.

The next names drawn were those of three persons whom I had seen in Boston eight months before. I was walking along in the business section toward the station, when a large, bright sign attracted my attention, which read, "Romantic Advancement—Hebert and DeWitt, proprietors." Upon recognizing the names of the proprietors I found myself in the waiting room, where there seemed to be several young men. A lady offered me a chair, but I asked if I might see the proprietors immediately. I was led down the corridor and into an adjoining room, from which I could hear voices. Upon one side of the room sat Hebert and DeWitt on a sofa. Opposite them sat Alton Lynde.

After a friendly greeting, I sat down to watch the rest of the procedure. It seems that this was a new occupation that Hebert and DeWitt had entered into and a very prosperous one at that. Hebert would act the girl and DeWitt the boy, and they, together, gave lessons for bashful young men who wanted to get married. The charge was ten dollars per lesson, the course consisting of five lessons.

As for Alton Lynde, sitting across the room, he was running a large milk farm outside of the city. "Soup" was sending six or seven truckloads of milk into the city each day. But, as of yore, "Soup" never had much to do with the ladies and he was now beginning to realize that he must wake up or be left, and so, after having learned of the opportunities offered by the Hebert and DeWitt Co., he resolved to take a few lessons. A letter from Hebert six months later told me that "Soup" was engaged.

The next card was that of Raymond Wells. Pewee had graduated from Bentley Accounting school and was now in that business. Wells owned a nice home on the outskirts of Chicago. Much to my surprise, Austin told me that Wells' wife was a member of our class of '23, Pauline Harlow. Even though Wells was the smallest

person in our class, he has become big enough to support a family.

The next two, Robert Stocker and Forrest Tarbox, each owned a farm on the Putney Road in Brattleboro, only a few miles apart. Tarbox had taken over his father's farm and had added more to it. He owned two automobiles and was a better driver than ever, having laid low but two telegraph poles, a cow, and a woodchuck, since his graduation from High School.

Stocker was running more of a poultry farm and had the reputation of having the largest and best poultry farm in Vermont.

"But now, Raymond, where are Elizabeth Schwenk and Nathalie Benson?" After graduation from college, each had been married within a year and a half;—"Toutes" to a young minister in Virginia, and Betty to a young man of her father's profession, a lawyer in Western Virginia. Lucky men, whoever they are. And Austin tells me that "Toutes" has her hands full trying to boss her husband, even though he is a minister.

Helen Bushnell and Hazen Fox are two more of the class of '23 who did not attend school after graduation. Helen worked in Brattleboro for three years, then married and moved to Montpelier where her husband had a position in the Capitol building. Foxie worked at home for two years, then bought a tract of land in northern Massachusetts, where he operated a tobacco plantation.

Truxtun Brittan was living way out in Chicago and in the insurance business. "T", the fellow who used to boast of his record of not going out with a girl for over two years, was now a married man. Probably now "T" thinks those were the best two years he ever lived.

The next card Austin drew was that of Carl Farwell. "Bunnie" was last heard of in Fitchburg, where he was managing a bakery for a company who ran a chain of bakery stores throughout the country. He must be making good, having started as a clerk and having finally become manager.

Mary Poland, the next name drawn, graduated from the University of Vermont, and was now an English teacher in New Hampshire State College. Mary was always rather quiet, but they say that she can handle pupils very well and makes a fine teacher.

The next two, Paul Bishop and Cheney Williams, I ran across when I was visiting the New England dam which was under construction at that time. I came across Bishop out in a side tunnel, where he was giving some orders to a gang of men. He told me that he and Cheney were working together on the dam and that Cheney was in the office doing some drawing at present. Both of these mathematicians of B. H. S. had graduated from Massachusetts Insti-

tute of Technology and were now classed as two of the best engineers in the country. I went in to see Cheney. He was a little surprised, to say the least. Cheney was awfully busy, as usual, but he seemed to find plenty of time to talk. Upon glancing into an adjoining room, I noticed a young stenographer at work. "Ah! no wonder Cheney was always busy," Austin remarked.

The next was Blanche Dube, the girl who had taken a four years' course in three. Blanche now had a permanent position, managing a telephone exchange in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"Where is Lee Corbett?" I asked. Austin told me that Corbett went out West where he became a cowboy. But he soon found out that his clown ability would bring him greater success and so opened a Western horse show, in which he was chief actor. This show has been heard of in the uttermost parts of the country, because of the daredevil feats of Corbett. To add to his western looks, Corbett now appears with a cactus holding down his upper lip.

The next card contained the data of Beatrice Massey. Beatrice graduated from Smith College and now held Miss Henshaw's former position, assistant principal of B. H. S.

"Just a minute Eddie, I must answer the phone," Austin remarked. Upon hanging up the receiver, Austin told me that Ruth Reed was downstairs in the hotel and wanted to see him. We both started for the door, I picking up the box of cards and taking them along too. There, at the desk, stood Ruthie.

—EDMUND MANLEY.

I had finished scanning the hotel register and was looking for a place to await Raymond when I saw two men approaching. One of them I recognized immediately as Raymond Austin, but the other, although he had a certain familiar air about him, I could not place. Raymond spoke first.

"Eddie was visiting me, so—"

"Eddie Manley," I interrupted. "Of course I recognize you now. This is a surprise. I saw R. Austin written in the register and took a chance on its being the Raymond of our High School days."

"We have been having a great old time," Eddie said. "Ramie has kept a card index of every member of the class of '23. We had finished going over nearly half the class when the clerk telephoned that you were here. Here's the index. We brought it along for you to see."

"Good," I answered. "I wondered what that curious-looking box under Raymond's arm was. I would like to have a look at this too."

"Surely," Raymond replied. "Let's go over here and sit down. Then you can tell us what you know about our old friends."

After we were comfortably seated, Raymond began, "I learned only yesterday that Dorothy Edwards is to represent Vermont in the United States Senate. Her term begins next fall. You know she was a member of the Vermont State Legislature and succeeded in out-arguing all the other women."

"I don't doubt it," Eddie remarked. "She always was arguing in American History class. Do you know anything about Burton Holway? He was good at arguing, too."

"Oh yes, he is a lawyer in Illinois. His profession gives him a good chance to display those argumentative powers."

"Let's see," continued Raymond. "Here is Evelyn Higley's card. She travels from town to town organizing Women's Clubs for the purpose of influencing women to abandon their political careers and spend more time in their homes."

"Rather different from 1923 when all the women held politics as their chief aim and ambition," I volunteered.

"I should say so," laughed Raymond. "Why here is Alice Boyden's card, but I have nothing written after her name. I seem to have lost track of her."

"I can easily help you there," I said. "She is married to a Chicago millionaire. Alice has recently sued for a divorce, ostensibly on the charge of intolerable severity, but I think the real reason is that she wants to resume her stage career which she abandoned for the sake of love."

"That reminds me," Raymond said. "Several others of our class are on the stage. Eleanor Titus has taken Broadway by storm with her fascinating dancing. Grace Thomas and Gladys Brown are chorus girls in Ziegfeld Follies. Dorothea Vanderveer is not on the stage but she is writing clever movie scenarios. She lives in Hollywood, and I imagine she finds it a very charming existence."

"How about Mary Putnam?" Eddie asked. "I always thought she would go on the stage." "Oh no, you're quite mistaken. Mary is conducting a Woman's Page in the Ladies Home Journal. Young girls and women write to her for solutions of their love affairs. She's very good at it, as she has had a great deal of experience in that line."

"You haven't a thing written down for Maxine Stellman," I exclaimed. "Someone told me a few months ago that she is teaching mathematics in a large western college. I believe she married a man from Syracuse, but she was too independent and he left her."

"Bet she never lost much sleep over it," Eddie mumbled.

"Thanks for the information," Raymond said, as he jotted down notes on Maxine's whereabouts. "Oh, here is Bernice Gobie's name. You surely remember her. She was always drawing pictures, and is now a

designer of fashionable gowns in New York City. All the wealthy people patronize her."

"Alice Haskell is doing a kind of designing too. She travels in China on business for a drygoods concern, obtaining new designs for silks and fabrics."

"Heavens," I ejaculated. "Reminds me of the Tut-anh-Ahmen designs we used to have. Speaking of King Tut, where is Ruth Ripley? Last I knew she was teaching kindergarten, and that was five years ago."

"Surely, I can tell you what she is doing. When I was traveling through Florida I stopped at a cozy little tea room whose proprietress was none other than Ruth Ripley. While I was there she gave me some delicious sugared doughnuts, one of her specialties. She told me that when she was at Palm Beach she had seen Alice Boyce and Elizabeth Sheehan. It seems that they run a summer hotel in the Adirondacks and their business is so profitable that they are able to spend their winters at Palm Beach."

"Pretty soft, isn't it! Roy Stebbins is having an easy time of it, too."

"How's that?" asked Raymond.

"Some wealthy relative died and left him a lot of money. (I can't remember the exact figures, but they were well up in the thousands). At any rate, he is taking life easy now. He owns a yacht and spends most of his time between United States and the South Sea Islands."

"Strange," Raymond remarked, "but all of our classmates seem to have fallen into luck. Look at Eleanor Manley, she's teaching music in a conservatory. I believe she has a fine voice and gives many concerts herself."

"Then there is Howard Aplin. He is a broker on Wall Street. Howard never married, though. You know he always did have a horror of women."

"Speaking of bachelors, there is Edwin Culver. He lives in a fashionable apartment on Riverside Drive, entertains lavishly, and is exceedingly fond of all the ladies! no particular one!

"Your hair is straight as usual, isn't it, Ruth!" said Raymond. "You ought to go to Leona Cobb. She runs the most famous beauty shop in Venezuela. Her sister, Beatrice, is *not* in partnership with her as I see you were going to say—she is a dancing teacher in Boston."

"Yes, my hair is straight, but notice how much thinner I am. I have been taking a series of exercises under Helen Dalrymple's supervision, and they have done wonders for me."

"Helen is doing very well, isn't she?" Raymond said. "I read innumerable articles in the American papers expounding her wonderful methods and theories. She

invented them herself for the special benefit of stout people."

"I didn't know they were of her own invention. They seem to me very much like the calisthenics we used to have in B. H. S." Eddie skeptically remarked.

"Why, where did you get this paper? It's a Los Angeles daily."

"Yes, a relative of mine sent it to me. Maude Russell is the editor. Another member of '23 in luck!"

"Why, look at this headline!" I exclaimed. "Building completely destroyed by explosion in a chemist's laboratory."

"Yes, and the chemist was none other than Leland Miller. He is just barely alive now, but with the excellent care he is receiving, he surely ought to recover. Laura Switzer is his physician. Immediately after the explosion she was on hand to rush Leland to the hospital in her speedy little runabout."

"Laura always was interested in drug stores, but I never dreamed she would be a doctor."

"Lots of things happen that we never dreamed would," wisely remarked Raymond. "Take Arvilla Wardner. She is a minister in West Wardsboro, Vermont. Then there is Harold Jenne. He is principal of B. H. S. They have a new building or Harold would never have accepted the position. Maude Moore is his private secretary. Gertrude Simons is running a movie theatre in Kansas City. All the pictures shown there are carefully censored, however."

"Well, I'm surprised," I said. "But not any more surprised than I was when I heard that Robert Stearns was at the head of the police force in Washington."

"It's a long way from Washington to Kansas City," mused Eddie.

"Where is Ruth Robbins?" was my next question. Raymond blushed, stammered and then blushed some more. Eddie finally came to his rescue and told me that she was Mrs. Raymond Austin.

I extended my congratulations and after a few minutes inquired for Elena Pike.

"She teaches Domestic Science in a Massachusetts school," Raymond read from the card. "In the summer she travels through the country in a Ford touring car, camping nights in the woods. She says she doesn't mind the bugs."

"Speaking of bugs," I said. "Did you know that Merle Stone was collecting specimens of these creatures for the Smithsonian Institute? Only the other day I read that he had discovered a new variety of tarantula in Texas."

"How nice!" exclaimed Eddie. "What have you got about Nellie Darling?" "Oh she is a private secretary to a wealthy woman in Virginia. Here is Marjorie Baker's card. She settled on a large farm in Guilford. It's a fine farm with all the up-to-

date appliances. Marjorie does all the bossing herself. As for Agnes Borkowski, she conducts a Jazz Orchestra which travels throughout New England."

Just then Eddie gave a low whistle of surprise. "I won't land that deal with the mayor of Calaboza if I don't make it snappy. It is after eight now and I was due there at eight."

"Are you going on that excursion to Lake Maracaibo Wednesday? Why can't we all go together?"

"Suits me," Eddie answered as he picked up his hat. "All right for you, Ruthie?"

"Of course. There will be quite a crowd of us as I believe that this is a special trip for American tourists."

"All right then, see you later, if the mayor let's me live," and Eddie was gone.

—RUTH REED.

Prophecy on the Prophets

Tonight thoughts crowd my mind of my High School days. The reason is that I have just been reading an old diary kept during the year of 1930.

The record states facts of interest regarding a cross-country tour taken in that year, one fact being of particular interest. I was returning to Brattleboro and had just reached Hinsdale when some serious engine trouble made it necessary for me to stop there for repairs.

Hinsdale had grown very much, so that it resembled Brattleboro in 1923. Fancy displays decked the windows and many signs hung over the street. As I sauntered leisurely down one of the main streets, my glance happened to rest on this sign: "THE ROSE BLOOM BEAUTY SHOP"—E. MANLEY, PROP.

"Great Heavens!" I gasped. "That can't be Eddie Manley, the famous athlete and debater of our High School days!" But the only way to find out would be to visit the Beauty Shop, and this I did. Stepping into the office I saw behind a desk an immaculately dressed man who sported a Charley Chaplin moustache, an eyeglass, and an adorable marcel. But for all this change I could never mistake him, for it was the same Eddie.

What a visit we had! I did not learn what caused him to undertake such a business, but in the course of our conversation, he asked me if I had seen Ruth Reed. I told him that I had lost all track of Ruth and didn't even know that she was living in these parts. He seemed to know quite a bit about her and suggested that we run out to see her in his car. How glad I am that I did, for what do you suppose she was doing for a business? She was raising rabbits! Had a whole farm of them. Ruth appeared wonderfully well and happy and seemed very much taken up with her work.

Eddie had told me as we rode out that Ruth had married a prosperous farmer, but unfortunately, he had died soon after the marriage and Ruth was left to carry on the work alone. She was prospering, however, and was contented. But I gathered, from my observations, that she would soon dispose of the rabbit farm and take a life interest in the Beauty Shop.

—DOROTHY HEBB.

Class Will

We, the undersigned, Class of 1923, of Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Windham County, State of Vermont, each of us severally and collectively, being, as we fully believe and trust, in our right minds and being about to take up the task of earning our daily bread, finding ourselves burdened with numerous and various sorts of real and personal property, we do declare this to be our last will and testament:

To our beloved Faculty, we would tender a vote of thanks for their many kindnesses, mercies, and exhibitions of pity, of which we have been the recipients.

Also, we give and bequeath unto each and every member of the abused Faculty of the aforementioned High School such an increase in salary as will enable each to retire from his respective office.

To our principal, Mr. Ernest R. Caverly, we give and bequeath our gratitude for his efforts in guiding our erratic footsteps along the straight and narrow path of knowledge.

To our beloved mathematician, Miss Mary D. Henshaw, we give, devise, and bequeath an Algebra Class which has the ability, to the nth degree, to ask sensible questions.

To Miss Ethel L. Osgood, we give our sincere and heartfelt wishes for her future happiness and success.

To Mrs. Maude E. Spooner, we give the pick and shovel to be furnished by the board of trustees, to enable her to do her part toward burying that so-called "Dead Language."

To Miss Eleanor Sharp, we bequeath the correspondence course, "Golf at Home."

To the Class of 1924, we give, devise, and bequeath our just debts, our dignity as Seniors, a sweet smile, and the watchword "Follow Us."

To Warren Bennett, we give Howard Aplin's noted admiration for the fair sex.

Considering size in every sense of the word, we, hereby, give and bequeath unto Alla Fitzgerald and Charles Crosby the joint right of being responsible for the entire Class of '24.

To Karl Baker, we give one hair net, for his own use.

To Ruth Knowlton, we bequeath the

privilege of ringing the alarm for a real fire.

To Roy Carpenter, we give the privilege of demonstrating "The Carpenter Method" to the algebra classes of Brattleboro High School.

To George Daley, we give the right of continuing school until the year 1935.

To John Russell, we give the privilege of playing a different selection for calisthenics.

To Clark Maynard, we give one pair of hobnail shoes in order to warn the teachers and students of B. H. S. of his presence.

To Harold Wagner, we bequeath a few unbreakable bones.

To Jack Stewart, we give a winning Football Team.

To Mary Crane and John Gale, we give all the scholastic honors formerly won by Helen Dalrymple and Edmund Manley.

To Cecile Huestis, we give first choice of all the boys of the Class of 1927.

To William Williams, of Williamsville, we give, devise and bequeath the privilege of making use of his unlimited curiosity.

To Ruth Dugan, we give a dog leash to which she may fasten her dancing slippers.

As we have no further property of sufficient quality to leave the Class of 1925, we bid them a fond farewell and we hope that they have profited by the excellent example of the Class of 1923.

To the girls of the Class of 1926, we give, devise, and bequeath the privilege of discarding their hair ribbons and to adopt the much advocated fad of carrying vanity cases.

To the boys of the aforementioned Class, we give the right to carry said vanity cases when not in use.

To Lynn Hoadley and Kenneth Longueil, we bequeath the title, "The Heavenly Twins."

To Verna Bowker, we give a lunch box big enough to contain all her dinner.

To Clarice Poland, we bequeath a summer house to be placed on the corner of Walnut street and Putney road.

To Marian Rice, we bequeath the privilege of dropping the prefix of her name "Fresh Rice!"

To Marjorie Ober, we give the right of being only a part of the Sophomore Class.

To Jennie Scott and Sarah Thomas, we bequeath a bottle of Peptona.

Following the established custom, we hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Class of 1927 our Class Colors, Green and White, with the Class Flower, the White Rose.

Last, but not least, we consign to Mr. Scott P. Eames all the stray paperwads we have so liberally scattered around the school building for the past four years.

In accordance with the requirements of the law, we appoint, sole executor of this

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The Class of 1923



HOWARD THOMAS APLIN—"Putney"

"He worked brilliantly; he could not accept any order without trying to better it."

Howard has won his way to our respect by his vigilant work, and excellent advice. He has successfully passed the four years with a high average, and deserves much praise for his steady willingness to help others.

Honor B; Class History—Junior Year; Assistant Editor of the "Dial," 4; Alumni Editor, 3; Year Book Committee.



RAYMOND FOLLETTE AUSTIN—"Romeo"

"All things come 'round to him who will but wait."

From the little town of Weston comes this dapper young man. He has always led a quiet life, but made many friends. Will we ever forget the attractive girl he made at the "Dial" dance?

Church Chorus.



MARJORIE ROSAMOND BAKER—"Margie"

"Shy she was and I thought her cold."

One who seemingly is a quiet, unresponsive girl, but who truly enjoys companionship, and has always been interested in studies and work connected with school.

Girls' Chorus, 2; Secretary to Miss Whittemore.



NATHALIE INGRAM BENSON—"Toutes"

*"Year after year her tender steps pursuing
Behold her grown more fair."*

You would never suppose she is the youngest girl in our class. "Toutes" has always maintained a high average in her many studies, and has been connected with various activities with many friends in each circle.

Honor B; Ivy Essay; Assistant Treasurer, 1, 4; Joke Editor of the "Dial," 4; Year Book Committee; "Mikado" Chorus, 3; Girls' Basketball Team, 4; Debating Team, 4; French Club; Dramatic Club; Tennis Club; Junior Prom. Committee; Vermont Girls' Conference, 4; Head Usher "Grumpy."

PAUL WALTER BISHOP

"This good young man was quiet and self-contained—too old for his years by far."

Our class has been very lucky to have so many Honor Roll students; Paul is one of the best. Although he has only been here two years, he certainly has made a place for himself that could never be filled by anyone else.

Chess Club; Drum Corps, 4; Church Chorus, 3, 4.



ALICE MARY BOYCE—"AI"

"We love her, for her name is Alice."

No matter what day in the week, Alice is ever telling of the good time she had last evening. She has never shared many of our club good times, although we would have enjoyed having her with us.

Girls' Chorus, 1; Secretary to Miss Sharp.



ALICE BOYDEN—"Billie"

*"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant to think on."*

Alice is our actress. Her contributions have been many to the "Dial." She is well-liked throughout the school.

Honor B; Dramatic part on Class Day; Joke Editor of the "Dial", 3; Literary Editor, 4; Phyllis in "Green Stockings," 2; Virginia in "Grumpy," 4; French Club; Dramatic Club; Church Chorus, 1; Freshman Party, 4; Year Book Committee.



THOMAS TRUXTUN BRITTAN, JR.—"T"

*"If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose."*

Truxtun is an all-around good fellow. He has a football, basketball and track letter to his credit. How he can play the "sax"!

President Student Council, 4; "Green Stockings," 2; Tennis Team, 3, 4; Football Team, 4; Assistant Track Manager, 3; Basketball Manager, 4; French Club; Dramatic Club; Orchestra, 2, 3; Junior Prom Committee; Freshman Party.



The Dial



GLADYS ISABEL BROWN—"Billee"

"She is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then."

A round-faced young person, with a pleasant smile, is "Billee." Hers is a real good nature, which has won her many friends, both at school and elsewhere. Combined with her efficiency it is almost irresistible.

Commercial Club; Girls' Chorus, 1; Secretary to Miss Sevens.



HELEN MAY BUSHNELL

"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."

Helen is a quiet girl yet she always has a smile and a kind word for all. She is our real business girl—always direct and honest.

Commercial Club; Radio Club; Church Chorus, 3; Vermont Girls' Conference, 3.



LESTER CURTIS CHICKERING—"Chick"

"I never made a mistake in my life—at least, never one that I couldn't explain away afterwards."

Did you ever see anyone who enjoys bluffing any more than Lester? He is very efficient at it. He goes out for all sorts of athletics such as football and baseball. He is agreeable, and is a good friend to all.

Football squad, '22; Baseball squad, 2, 3, 4.



BEATRICE EVELYN COBB—"Bea"

*"Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts."*

"Bea" has a little whimsical smile that sometimes makes one wonder if she may not be keeping some very good joke to herself. She can make very witty comments. Why be so sparing of them, "Bea"?

Assistant Secretary to Mrs. Hawkins.

LEONA MARY COBB—"Leo"

*"Modest and brave,
Though young, so wise,
Though meek, so resolute."*

Leona is always seemingly unruffled by all the trifles which upset most of us at times. We know she is efficient, and she is a good chauffeuse, too.

Secretary to Miss Bagg.



LEE BURTON CORBETT—"Darling"

"Faith, I can cut a caper."

Did you ever see Lee when he wasn't smiling or weaving a fairy tale for the benefit of some fellow classman? His splendid work in the "Mikado" will always be remembered.

Thursday night chorus, 2, 4; Orchestra, 1, 4; Drum Corps, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 4; High school play cast, "The Mikado," 3; Freshman party cast, 1, 3; Baseball, 3; Dramatic Club, 4; Double quartet for Commencement, 4; Church Chorus, 4.



EDWIN WRIGHT CULVER—"Eddie"

*"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
But every grin so merry draws one out."*

"Did you say print?" The boy is a "whiz" at it! He has, at all times, been an efficient stage manager and property man. He has worked hard as track manager, and deserves much credit.

Year Book Committee, 4; Property Manager, "Mikado"- "Grumpy"; Baseball, 3; Tennis, 3, 4; Manager Track, 4; Radio Club; Dramatic Club.



HELEN CYNTHIA DALRYMPLE—"Squinthy"

*"Let's be gay while we may
And seize love with laughter.
I'll be true as long as you,
And not a moment after."*

A most attractive girl with unbounded enthusiasm. Her "pep" has carried many activities to a successful end. May luck go with her!

Silver B; Class History for Freshman year; Vice-President of S. A. S., 4; Student Council, 3, 4; Vice President of class, 3; School Notes Editor of the "Dial," 4; School Play Committee, 3; Secretary of Athletic Council, 4; Commercial club, 2, 3; French club, 1, 2; Calisthenics leader, 2, 3; Secretary to Mr. Wilson, 4; Year Book Committee; Girls' Basketball team, 4.



The Dial



JENNIE RHODA DALRYMPLE—"Dally"

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

Yes, there is not a thing Jennie can't do. She is one of our most accomplished classmates, and her sweet, cheerful nature has endeared her to us all.

Commercial Club, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Chorus, 1; Secretary to Mrs. Hawkins, 4.



RUTH DARLING—"Darling"

*"She taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry."*

Ruth is another of our song birds. She has many friends, for her own friendly manner is contagious. She can study, too, and has been on the Honor Roll several times.

Church Chorus; "Mikado" Chorus, 3; Member of French Club.



FRANK AUSTIN DEWITT, JR.—"Dikey"

*"He has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much."*

Another witty member of our brilliant class! Frank has some splendid traits such as willingness for work, and fine literary abilities. He is greatly interested in physics' experiments. We know this, for he is in the "lab" at all hours of the day.

French Club.



BLANCHE ANN DUBE—"Banny"

"Smiles are the language of love."

Blanche is so quiet we don't really feel as if we know her very well, but one thing we are sure of—she is one of the most conscientious members of the senior class.

Usher, "Grumpy," 4; French Club, 3, 4; Dramatic Club, 4.

DOROTHY MILLER EDWARDS—"Dot"

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—"

An excellent thing in woman. We all like Dot for her many fine qualities, cheerfulness and willingness to work being the outstanding ones. She has her silver "B." Her place could never be filled by anyone else.

Honor B; S. A. S. executive committee, 3; French Club; Dramatic Club; Calisthenics leader, 1, 4; Senior Frolic Committee, 4.



ERLON GEORGE EGGLESTON—"Eggs"

*"When I have grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great."*

It is only a Ford, but it's some lil' ol' car just the same. Sometimes it gets off the main highways but—sooner or later—it gets there. In that respect at least 'tis like its driver.

Commercial Club; Calisthenics leader, 1, 2; Church Chorus, 1, 2, 3.



CARL HENRY FARWELL—"Bunny"

*"Could a Yankee heart be quiet
While the Spring was runnin' riot?"*

We have so many quiet people in our class, you would hardly realize they belonged with us. Carl is one of the best-natured, easy-going boys that ever came to high school. Here's for his good luck!



HAROLD WARD FITTS—"Cy"

"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."

When it comes to being every one's friend we credit Harold with that faculty. He does so in a quiet way and never is heard to speak his own opinion of any matter.

Commercial Club.



The Dial



HAZEN ALBERT FOX—"Foxy"

"For he's a proper man."

Hazen gives the impression of having the deepest thoughts and never expressing them—perhaps it is because he is so shy. He is always kind and considerate, and shows his fine qualities in a quiet way, but we know they are there! *Commercial Club.*



BERNICE HARRIS GOBIE—"Bobby"

*"Too much zeal was a thing she did not approve of;
Preferring instead a tempered and sober tenderness."*

We certainly could not have had such a successful sojourn in high school if we hadn't had "our singer." She has won much praise, and we are all grateful for the many times she has sung for us. Bernice has shown a sweet disposition as well as fun. She is another of our French scholars!

Musical number of Class Day; "The Mikado," 3; French Club; Church Chorus, 3, 4.



PAULINE NICHOLS HARLOW—"Paul"

*"She flitted and the glittering eye
Still sought the lovely face."*

One of Westminster West's representatives, and a very lively one, is "Paul." She is very much in demand by all her friends. She enjoys play, likes her studies, and is the capable secretary of our class. She has efficiently fulfilled the position of secretary to Miss Osgood.

Executive Committee S. A. S., 4; Class Secretary, 4; Commercial Club; Calisthenics leader, 4; Secretary to Miss Osgood, 4; Freshman Party cast, 4; Usher, "Grumpy," 4.



ROBERT GEORGE HARLOW—"Bob"

*"He would have wiped with smiles away
The tears from every face."*

The very fact that "Bob" is president of his class shows his popularity. He makes a very dignified leader in a quiet, unassuming manner, but always has a good word for his friends. He has held the office of football manager this fall very efficiently.

President's Address; President Senior Class; Track Team, 3; Captain Basketball, 3; Manager Football, 4; Calisthenics leader, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee, 3.

ALICE EDITH HASKELL—"Al"

"A comrade neither glum nor merry."

Alice has shown herself to be a good pal to everyone. We feel her intimate friends may be called blessed.

Girls' Gym., 1; Secretary to Miss Wright, 4; Usher, "Grumpy."



DOROTHY MAE HEBB—"Dot"

"Where she met a stranger; there she left a friend."

In a Musical Appreciation exam., some one pronounced Dot the greatest violinist of today. That proves her orchestra work is appreciated. She is one of our best "all-round" girls, and we like her awfully well.

Part in Class Day—double quartette; Basketball team, 3; Dramatic Club; Calisthenics leader, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Church Chorus, 3, 4; Freshman Party cast, 3, 4; Vermont Girls' Conference, 3; Radio Club.



HOWARD EDWARD HEBERT—"Howdy"

*"As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday."*

A merry fun maker is Howard, with rare sprinklings of hard study. He is another of the well-liked boys of our class, and deserves all the praise he gets. He takes special pleasure in teasing everyone who happens to blow by his path.

Class treasurer; Treasurer Commercial Club, 4, 3; Calisthenics leader, 2.



ASTRID DISA MARIE HERTZBERG—"Astrid"

*"A mind that suits
With their fair and outward character."*

"Astrid" is a pretty name which just suits her. She has a quiet manner, yet she always seems interested and we shall not soon forget her.

Commercial Club; Calisthenics leader; Secretary to Miss Wheeler.



The Dial



HUGO HERMAN HERTZBERG—"Hertzzy"

"Silence is golden."

In this case, we think perhaps Hermon might have been more generous with his ideas for we all like him, and would like to hear some of his thoughts. He is always willing to work, and upholds all the school activities, especially baseball.



EVELYN MARY HIGLEY—"Ev"

"There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness."

A serious aspect is Evelyn's, but anyone would know just to look at her that she would be a friend to trust.

Commercial Club; Secretary to Miss Spooner.



HAROLD GRAHAM JENNE—"Jen"

"For solitude is sometimes the best society."

These country boys have many interests we don't hear of, but we do know that Harold is a renowned hunter and fisher. His shop work is above the average, and we are sure his friends are happy to know him.



JENNIE MARY LOSOSSA—"Jen"

*"Wish me partaker in the happiness
When thou dost meet good hap."*

"What! A senior?" you would exclaim. Yes, she is sufficiently dignified to be worthy of the name, and although her way is a quiet one; it is consistently steady.

Gym, 1, 2.

ALTON ERNEST LYNDE—"Soup"

"He didn't seem to know the use of fear."

Our second "Babe Ruth"—he has helped put baseball on the high school map. Alton is an energetic leader, and of the few who know how to get the best results. He is a trustworthy friend.

Honor B; Ivy Oration; Class Treasurer, 3; "Mikado" Chorus, 3; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club; Calisthenics Leader, 4; Church Chorus, 4; Drum Corps, 1, 2, 3, 4; Year Book Committee.



EDMUND THOMAS MANLEY, JR.—"Eddie"

*"Ed was a man that played for keeps,
And when he took the notion,
You couldn't stop him any more
Than a dam would stop the ocean."*

Here's to Eddie, one of our well-known athletes—how he can heave the discus! Not only does he excel in athletics, but in his studies and work.

Honor B; Class Prophecy; Double quartet for Commencement; S. A. S. President, 4; Student Council, 4; Class President, 3; the "Dial" Athletic Editor, 4; Freshman Party Cast, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Parallel Bar, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Council, 4; Radio Club; Calisthenics Leader, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Marshal, '22; Year Book Committee.



ELEANOR ESTHER MANLEY—"Teddy"

*"Oh, blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."*

Honestly, don't you think "Ted" is a dear? We're so glad she is one of the honored few for Commencement. She is mighty capable, and the best of good-natured people.

Class Essay; Secretary of Class, 2; Alumni Editor of the "Dial", 3; Literary Editor 4; French Club, Dramatic Club; Debating Club: Honor B.



JOHN RUSSELL MANN

*"On all the works of Providence
He set a cheerful face."*

We all like John and almost all of us have been acquainted in some way with him, and found that he likes a good time, in the right way, with a good friend.

"Mikado" Chorus, 3; Commercial Club; Radio Club; Church Chorus, 1, 2, 3, 4.



The Dial



BEATRICE ELIZABETH MASSEY—"Bea"

"Light was her step, her hopes more light."

Lightest of all is "Bea" on the dance floor. While admiring her clothes, which she admits to having made herself, we wonder if Poiret and Worth will not be outdone in the years to come.

"Mikado" Chorus, 3; Church Chorus, 2, 3; Secretary to Mr. Francis.



LELAND GRAY MILLER—"Bud"

"He was clever in many ways, and good to look at and always made people 'round him comfortable."

Everything he does is accomplished in a thorough manner. He has successfully led his baseball team to many victories this year, and has kept a high average in studies.

Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Basketball Manager, 3; School Play Committee.



MAUDE CHRISTINE MOORE—"Jimmy"

*"So other shall take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and heart, and they brave cheer."*

She is always friendly and sweet-natured. We really can't resist telling you, Maude, that we like you awfully well.

Church Chorus, 3, 4; Secretary to Miss Wallis.



MARY EDITH NASH—"Ede"

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."*

Want to hear a good joke? Ask Edith and she will have one to tell you. She knows lots of "wise cracks" and knows her lessons, too. She wins our approval by always being cheerful, and, is really a true friend to everyone she likes.

Student Council, 1; Secretary to Miss Craig.

MARJORIE EUNICE PIER—"Mudge"

*"She loved each flower that by her wayside blossomed,
She loved each bird that sang its notes of glee."*

Although Marjorie doesn't make so much noise as some, she is a loyal member of B. H. S., a willing worker, and a shining light on refreshment committees. Besides being fond of nature study, she is said to be interested in studying human nature, especially red-headed boys.

Class Poem; Dramatic Club; French Club; Debating Club; Assistant to Miss Bagg.



ELENA MAY PIKE—"Pikie"

"I am for other than dancing measures."

A real friendly smile, neatness, quiet attention to her studies all recommend Elena to us. She has managed to hold a place on the Honor Roll, too, which proves the value of her methods.

Gym, 1.



MARY ADORA POLAND—"Mais Oui"

"Modesty is the queen of virtues."

No matter what Mary has done, she never will acknowledge that it was any good. She is literary, and has belonged to various activities.

French Club; Year Book Committee.



HELEN MARY PUTNAM—"Put"

"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

We might also add that Mary delights us with her music—for she plays piano solos in assembly and is also a faithful member of the chorus.

Member of Double Quartet; "Mikado" Chorus, 3; Assistant Manager Girls' Basketball, 3; French Club; Dramatic Club; Commercial Club; Calisthenics Leader, 4; Church Chorus, 1, 4; Freshman Party Chorus.



The Dial



RUTH JEANETTE REED—"Ruthie"

"Solitude is sweet, but I like someone to whom I may whisper."

She deserves much praise for her faithful and untiring work in the interests of B. H. S. Above all else, we think of Ruth in connection with her fine work as Editor-in-chief of the "Dial." We envy her her class-room records.

Honor B; Class Prophecy; Student Council, 2; Vice-President of class, 2; Editor-in-chief of the "Dial," 4; School Notes, 3; French Club; Dramatic Club; Calisthenics Leader, 3; Orchestra, 2, 3; Freshman Party Cast, 3; Year Book Committee; Girls' Chorus, 1.



DOROTHY LOWE RICE—"Dottie"

*"All that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."*

"Just an editorial, Dot." "If you could only find time to do this poster—" and so on—and always Dot does find time. Dot is president of the Dramatic Club and has made it a success.

Ivy Ode; Class Treasurer, 2; President of Dramatic Club; French Club; Calisthenics Leader, 2; Senior Frolic Committee; Year Book Committee.



RUTH LOUISE RIPLEY—"Rip"

*"When she spoke her voice was like a dove's
Soft, even-toned, and sinking in the heart."*

Ruth has won her way into all our hearts with her charming manner and spontaneous smile. She has shown manifest interest in all our clubs and has helped entertain the members of the Dramatic Club by taking part in the various plays.

French Club; Dramatic Club; Usher, "Grumpy."



RUTH SWADER ROBBINS—"Rufus"

"Whence that air of calm abstraction?"

Underneath that calm air is hidden a dry wit. She can crack a joke and never smile. And, 'tis said, she "falls" for Bellows Falls.

Commercial Club; Church Chorus, 2, 3; Secretary to Mr. Francis.

ELEANOR WRIGHT ROGERS—"EI"

"Here's to the girl that has a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, and excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, and encouragement for every hope."

One who will always be remembered for her kind, gentle ways and ready smile. We will never forget the charming Mrs. McClaren she made in "Grumpy."

"Green Stockings," 2; "Grumpy," 4; French Club; Dramatic Club; Church Chorus, 1.



MAUDE ABIGAIL RUSSELL—"Muddie"

"You have deserved high commendation."

Maude appeared in our midst in the Junior year. She does not make any fuss about what she does and gets there on time. The class would think the millenium was coming if she came to school without her stenography done.

Secretary to Mr. Ekstrom.



ELIZABETH GOODHUE SCHWENK—"Betty"

"Once a friend, always a friend."

A heart full of sympathy, a host of pleasing manners, and an unusual amount of tact—That's Betty!

Honor B; Class day part; Secretary of S. A. S., 4; President of French Club; Freshman Party Chorus; Vice-President of Student Council; 4; Dramatic Club; Debating Club.



PAULINE McLEAN SHAW—"Polly"

"No matter what the item is, if there's an item in it, You bet your life she's on to it, and nips it in a minute!"

When anyone wants a person with executive ability, it is always "Let Polly do it." We owe the success of the football banquet this last year to her able management.

Honor B; Class History, Sophomore Year; S. A. S. Executive, 4; Assistant Treasurer, 3; Exchange Editor of the "Dial," 3; Joke Editor, 4; "Mikado" Chorus, 3; French Club; Commercial Club; Calisthenics Leader, 2; Junior Prom Committee; Secretary to Miss Jette; Vermont Girls' Conference 2; Girls' Chorus, 1; Year Book Committee.





ELIZABETH KATHRYN SHEEHAN—"Betty"

"Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize."

Here is another of our cheerful, agreeable girls, who does and accomplishes many things. She made a very dainty usher at the school play last year. We are sure she will soon be a bookkeeper of renown.

Commercial Club; Girls' Chorus, 1; Secretary to Mr. Francis; Usher, "Mikado."



GERTRUDE ROLLINGS SIMONS—"Shortie"

"Her part has not been words, but deeds."

Every one likes Gertrude and we are all glad to be called one of her many friends. She has shown that she can do other things well besides studying. No one could have planned better refreshments for the "Blowout" and served them more efficiently.

Usher, "Mikado"; Freshman Party Refreshment Committee.



ROBERT ARTHUR STEARNS—"Bob"

"He passed as the horror of horrors—a misunderstood man."

Bob is never very serious—he enjoys a good laugh and takes every chance to get it, even in classes. Although he is rather against hard study, we all like him and wish him the best o' luck.

Church Chorus, 3, 4; "Mikado" Chorus, 3; Commercial Club; Double Quartet for Class Day.



ROY WILLIAM STEBBINS—"Stub"

"Energy and persistence conquer all things."

Roy has worked diligently as baseball manager this year, and has achieved splendid results. Everyone likes Roy because he has a cheerful word and a pleasant smile for all.

Baseball Manager, 4; Commercial Club; Church Chorus, 1.

MAXINE STELLMAN—"Bill"

*"No woman's head so keen to work its will
But that the woman's heart is mistress still."*

When you are looking for someone who will be jolly and agreeable for all the time you are sure to go to Maxine first. When it comes to studies she is right there with the hard work and tries her best. She is an all-around sports girl—horseback riding being her specialty.

"Mikado" Chorus, 3; Church Chorus, 1; Girls' Chorus, 1.



ROBERT MERLE STOCKER—"Bob"

"All silence in one silver flower of speech that speaks not."

A tall boy, with an honest, likable face, and a great deal of loyalty stands for Robert. He has always been generous with his car in taking the athletic boys to the games, and for that, and many other things, we thank him.

Track, 3, 4; Football, 3; Commercial Club.



RUTH EMILY STOCKWELL—"Ruthie"

*"A sweet attractive kind of grace
A full assurance given by looks."*

Ruth has been a member of the "Blow-out" chorus every year. Her willingness to aid in school activities has always been very evident. She certainly can cook!

"Mikado" Chorus, 3; Dramatic Club; Commercial Club; Church Chorus, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Freshman Party Cast, 2, 3, 4.



MERLE GOODNOW STONE—"Stonie"

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

One of our few Honor Roll lads and a worthy one to mention in this line. He made a very capable president during our Sophomore year, and has contributed to our general success in numerous ways.

Class President, 2; Marshal, '22.



The Dial



LAURA SWITZER—"Skeezicks"

*"Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,
Here's to the girl that's true;
Here's to the girl that rules our hearts,
In other words, here's to you!"*

Laura has been with us only one year, yet there seemed to have been a niche left vacant for her to fill, and she has done it, endearing herself to us all.

Girls' Basketball Team, 4; Dramatic Club, 4; French Club; Debating Club.



FORREST LYMAN TARBOX—"Tabby"

*"Who that ever saw him can forget him.
Fidelity is his strong characteristic."*

Forrest is the most generous, good-hearted, and cheerful friend we could have. No matter what he is doing, if someone needs help, that someone usually goes to Forrest. His drums have greatly enhanced the "tone" of the orchestra and the band.

"Mikado" Chorus, 3; French Club; Commercial Club; Band, 4; Drum Corps, 3, 4; Orchestra, 3, 4.



GRACE BERTHA THOMAS—"Betty"

*"She will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her."*

Grace has won so many typewriting medals that her family has had to consider putting an extension on the house. She has a "come hither" smile in her eyes that puzzles us.

Usher, "Mikado," 3; Calisthenics Leader, 3; Secretary to Mr. Caverly, 4; Commercial Club.



ELEANOR DOROTHY TITUS—"Ted"

"Heart-loose and heart-free; I am not for taking."

Eleanor is a legitimate worker and a shining example for the rest of us, for she can do tasks cheerfully and efficiently, too.

Girls' Chorus, 1, 2.

DOROTHEA ARABELLA VANDERVEER—"Dot"

*"Thou art ever a favored guest in every fair and brilliant throng—
No wit like thine to make a jest, no voice like thine to breathe a song."*

Dot's always right there when it comes to managing, and looking out for all the little but important details that mean so much. The two words which best express her are "all there."

Chairman Senior Frolic Committee; Student Council, 2; Vice-President of Class, 2, 4; Joke Editor of the "Dial", 4; "Mikado" Cast, 3; Radio Club; French Club; Dramatic Club; Church Chorus, 4; Chairman of Freshman Party Committee, 4; Year Book Committee.



ARVILLA JACOBS WARDNER—"Topsy"

*"I have no other than a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so."*

Serious in aspect, yet with a twinkle in her eye, that's "Topsy." She is a friend of real worth and one whom you will like better the longer you know her.

Usher, "Grumpy"; Commercial Club; Church Chorus, 4; Librarian, 3; Lunch Room Assistant, 3.



WALTER RAYMOND WELLS—"Wellsie"

*"I hold it quite the wisest thing
To drive dull care away."*

Here's to our treasurer, and may he always hold money as successfully as he has held ours! "Wellsie" never believed in being too sober, and his merry grin has many times cheered the heart of a woebegone classmate.

Honor B; Senior Class History; Treasurer of S. A. S., 3; Executive Committee S. A. S., 4; Class Treasurer, 4; Circulation Manager of the "Dial", 3; Business Manager, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Football, 4; Parallel Bar Team, 2, 3, 4; Manager Basketball, 3; Commercial Club.



CHENEY HASTINGS WILLIAMS—"Chikey"

"He sifts, he weighs, all things are put to question."

Cheney is another modest young man, and you would never realize he could be so learned until you have induced him to talk to you. He not only studies, but occupies his school-life with various activities.

Honor B; Class Oration; Treasurer S. A. S., 4; Exchange Editor of the "Dial", 3; Alumni Editor, 4; Radio Club; French Club; Year Book Committee.



Snaps of B.H.S.



Three little Maids
from School



Our Boss



Four Jolly Seniors



John in Trouble



"T" and Abe



Our Editor



"Eddie"
and his
Pet



Sedate
Seniors



Guess Who



All Seniors
but two



Stories



"Dot" Vanderveer
1910



"Dot" Now



"Kids"



Bugle and Drum Corps



"Toutes"



"Bob" and some
Charles



"Our Champ"



"Skéezix"



Well!! look
whosc here



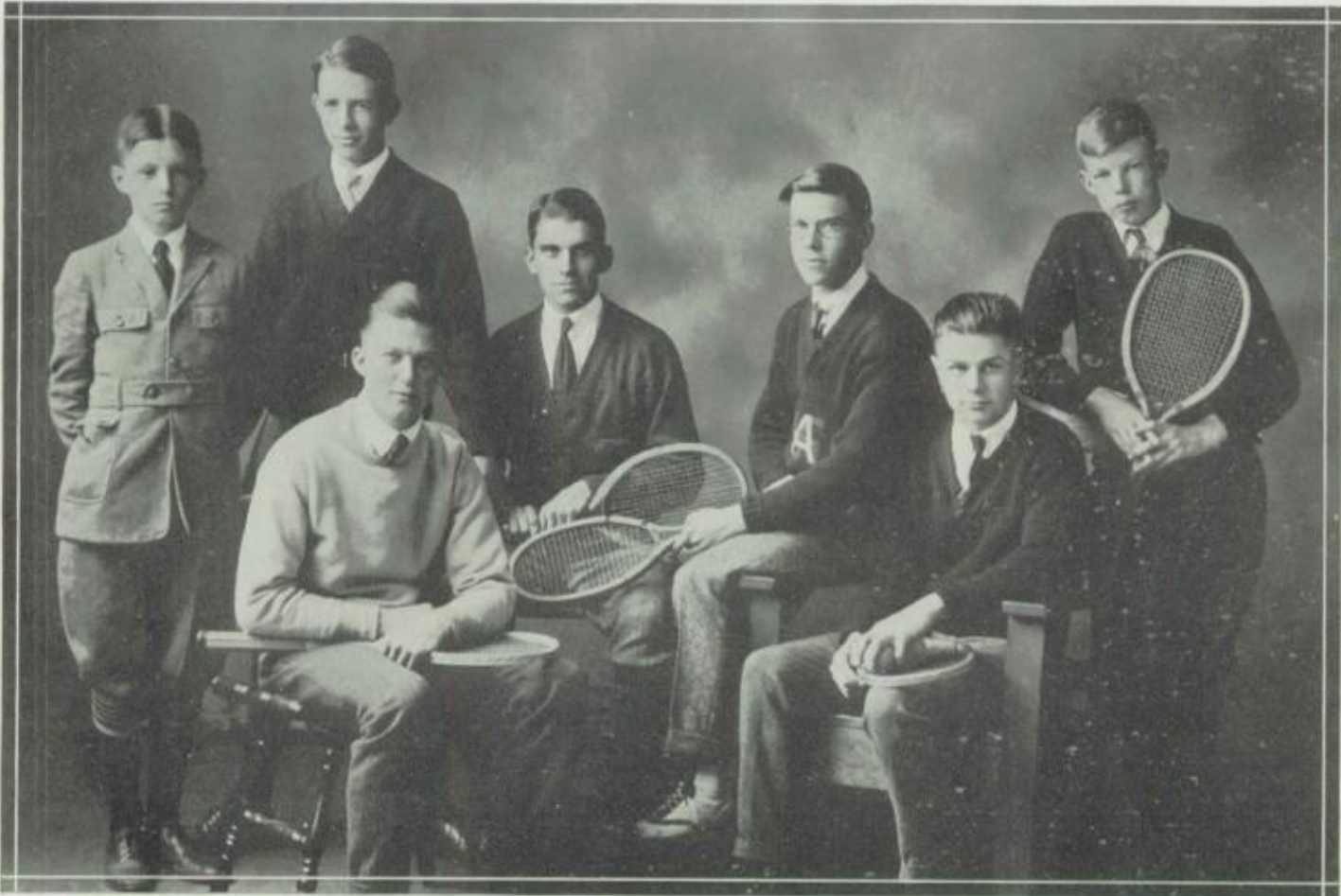
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Clarke Maynard

Nathalie Benson



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Truxtun Brittan

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The Dial

Class Will

(Continued from Page 13)

will, Kenneth Wheeler, whom we do heartily entrust with this weighty and most responsible office.

In witness, whereof, we do hereby set our hands and seal, this, the first day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Witness, Class of 1923.

Signed

ROBERT HARLOW,
PAULINE HARLOW,
RAYMOND WELLS,
HOWARD HEBERT.

Found on a Senior English Exam:
Oliver Goldsmith wrote "Tales of a Donkey."

AN OLD TINTYPE

Squire—"Did you send for me, my lord?"
Launcelot—"Yes, make haste, bring me the can opener; I've got a flea in my knight clothes."
—Ski-U-Mah.

Hey—My boarding-house keeper says
I'm the idol of her heart.
Dey—Well, isn't that nice?
Hey—Not when she lays burnt offerings
before me at meal time.
—Princeton Tiger.

Rollo—Oh, papa, look at that awful fly
on the window!
Father (reading)—Never mind, son. Just
step on it.
—Malteaser.

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